HALF-PAST FOUR.

In an old manor-house, within a long day's ride from Naseby, there is a certain stately apartment known as the great hall, which is lighted by large windows to the south, and around three sides of which runs a gallery, reached from the southeast corner by a flight of a dozen steps. In this gallery hangs a picture of a young and beautiful woman, attired in the costume of the Stuart period. A gigantic clock, whose pendulum is enclosed in a huge wooden case, still stands below the west gallery; and in front of this clock, if the inquisitive visitor should chance to raise the carpet, he would see a dark stain upon the boards beneath, and he would be told that this stain is a stain of blood, and his informant, pointing to the picture, which hangs exactly opposite, would say that this picture is the portrait of Mistress Anne Fane, and would add, with lowered voice, that the blood-stain and Mistress Anne were not remotely connected. How it came to pass that so lovely and gentle a lady became associated with a bloody deed it is now my purpose to relate.

On a June afternoon, in the year 1645, the great hall of Fane Place was occupied by two persons. The windows were carefully shuttered, and only a small crack was left open to admit light. The door was closed. On the table were spread viands, and a gentleman, in the dress of a cavalier, was hast-

tleman, in the dress of a cavalier, was hastily partaking of refreshment. His companion—a young woman of singularly prepossessing appearance—ministered deftly to his wants, laying her finger on her lips when he attempted to speak.

"Hush!" she said softly. "Eat, Master Quivil, while thou eanst. Who knows what may happen next? My brother Toby watches, and he may bring us news of pursuit at any moment. Eat."

He ate and drank, therefore, at her command. But when he had satisfied his hunger, Master Quivil rose and stood before her, with longing words trembling upon his lips. He was young—not more, certainly, than five-and-twenty—and handsome, with a winning smile and bright eyes. She was, perhaps, three years his junior, and as beautiful as a morn in May. There were, indeed, some who sighed that there was no court where Mistress Anne there was no court where Mistress Anne Fane might have displayed her charms and won the heart of some great noble by her beauty and her grace. But there was no court now, and the King was in sorrow, and Mistress Anne's Mechlin lace was sold, and her mother's jewels pawned, and she her-self had donned a sad-colored robe and her countenance was careworn. Nevertheless, the fugitive from Naseby thought that she was the most exquisite sight that he had ever seen, and his eyes dwelt tenderly upon

"How can I thank thee enough?" he began. "I came here friendless, and thou hast succored me. I found thee alone—thy father dead—thy elder brother far away—nobody to defend thee but a lad of fifteen and a dotard servant. And yet thou hast received me—fed me—entertained me—"
"Hush!" she interrupted. "Thou fightest in a good cause, and I would die for such. I did it for the King."

"For the King only?" he said.
"I did it for the King," she repeated,
blushingly. "But do not tarry, Master
Quivil. I pray thee go, for I cannot conceal thee here. Even our lumber-rooms are bare, and not the veriest mouse could shel-

ter here in safety." The great hall was, in truth, almost de-nuded of furniture. The pictures in the gallery had gone. The books had been taken from the shelves. Scarce aught remained but a table and some chairs, a settle by the hearth, and the clock, whose enormous white face seemed to stare menacingly at the two young people, and whose sonorous ticking seemed to warn them that time eped away, and that even now the feet of the pursuer might be upon the threshold. Mistress Anne heard it and made a fresh effort to dispatch her guest.
"Master Quivil, I pray thee to go," she

said again. "Tis beyond my power to con-"I will, I will!" he cried. "But first, oh, Mistress Anne, should I not wait till sundown? I cannot fly in open day. 'Tis little more than 4 by the clock."

She followed his gaze to the clock's face and hesitated. "Mistress, I will depart at sundown.
Until then, my flight would command an
easy capture. Harbor me for these few
hours, sweet mistress, and I will be gone.
Thou knowest not what these few hours are to me. But hast thou forgotten our childish days? Hast thou forgotten when we played together? That was a dear and precious time, when the summers seemed where, and we little dreamed of coming care and future separation. I was but a lad, and thou a little maid, and yet, mistreas. I called thee sweetheart. Dost thou recall?

She did recall, and her pale cheek was flushed with a bright pink as he spoke. But she did not reply. Instead, she averted her eyes, and after a moment, he continued speaking.

"I gave thee once a rose," he said. "Dost remember! "Twas June, a June so long ago that it seems like a dream. We walked together in the rose-garden. I mind me we had escaped from Henry Dowdeswell, and left him sulking. And I plucked a rose and said, 'Take it, Nan, take it as a pledge from the unformed boy, that the gallant man shall return to woo thee,' And thou took'st it, sweetheart, with tears glistening in thy pretty eyes, and thou didst promise to dry its petals and fold them among thy raiment, and keep them till I came back to prove my gallantry and to win thee, Alas, Nan, I have come back. But my gallantry is unproved, for the day is lost, and I have fied, and how can I hope that thou wilt smile upon me now?" He caught her hand and kissed it.

'Ah, Master Quivil-"Wilt not call me Jack, sweet love? Dear heart. I come to thee scarred and luckless. I dare not offer thee my empty hand. But send me not away comfortless?"
"Dear Jack," she murmured, blushing,
"thou hast ever been in my heart."

He caught her to him.

"And if happier days should come, Nan, sweet Nan, when my hand holds a tri-umphant sword, and when the King marches proudly to London, and when the gay court gathers again, gayer and statelier than before, say, Nan, wilt thou take my happy hand and suffer me to lead thee to that bright court, which thou wilt brighten and adorn as a diamond brightens and adorns the crown?" "Oh, Jack, thou speakest too kindly."

'Nay, mistress, I am thy humble servant. But wouldest thou thus glorify my poor life?"
"Oh, Jack; dear Jack."

But even as he pressed her to his breast, something passing the window outside for a moment obscured the one ray of light which streamed through the shutter that had been left ajar. The girl started violently and withdrew from her lover's em-

"What was that?" she whispered fearfully.
"Nothing, my queen," he said reassuring-

Nay, nay, Jack; some one passed. Didst not see the shadow?" "Twas old Diggon, mayhap, or thy

"No, no," she said in terror. "Diggon is in the field, and Toby watches from the road. This is some one who has alighted at the postern gate, and who comes through the garden.

"Then it is some one who knows the house well, dear love—a friend, belike." "Nav. There is no one. Young Master Dowdeswell alone hath come hither, over and over again. But he is a traitor and hath come here spying the land. And oh, Jack, if he should come again, he comes as thy enemy. Was he at Naseby?"

"He was, Nan. I saw the prickeared

"It may be he. Oh, Jack, Jack!" Whether it was Master Dowdeswell or

not, it was clear that it was some one who was acquainted with the ways of Fane Place. For in another moment the sound was heard as of a handle being turned, and then the heavy tread of one who crossed the outer vestibule and drew near to the door of the great hall. Anne clasped her lover's "My own love, thou must escape," she

She looked around wildly. The footsteps drew yet nearer. Suddenly her eyes lighted

get within. He obeyed her instantly and without a word. She closed the case upon him, and as she turned away the door of the apartment opened and a loud and stern voice demanded admittance.

Before she had time either for welcome

Before she had time either for welcome or denial the speaker entered. He was a tall and soldierly man, wanting yet several years of thirty—a man whose countenance had acquired the sour expression cultivated by the Roundheads, but who was not naturally ill favored. He looked suspiciously round the room as he came in, and finally doffed his beaver to the lady.

"Good-day, Mistress Anne," he said.

"Good-day, Master Dowdeswell," she returned.

"I come upon business," he announced.

"I have a search-warrant to ransack thy house. I seek the body of Master John Quivil. He is supposed to be in hiding here or hereabouts, and I—"

He paused, but she did not speak.

"I came this way," he went on, after a moment. "I thought, madam, it might be more agreeable that a friend should search thy house than a stranger."

thy house than a stranger."
"Twas kindly done, Master Dowdes-

"Nay, madam. Duty is rarely kind, and I have strictly fulfilled my duty, and have cut off every avenue of escape from this house by entering myself through the postern-gate while directing my men to follow the public path. I am not kind. But I have been minded to make the search as little painful to thee as possible. Is the traitor, John Quivil, hidden here?" he demanded.

"There is no traitor here," returned Anne

Dowdeswell smiled, grimly.

"Mistress Anne, thou know'st what I mean," he said. Thine is a willful misapprehension. I ask again: Doth the body of the traitor John Quivil lie here con-"I conceal no traitors, Master Dowdes-

Quivil, madam?" For a moment she could not answer, and Dowdeswell smiled again. "I perceive that thou has lately eaten," he said. Then, glancing at the clock:

"Half-past 4! "Tis marvelous strange that thou should'st dine or sup at such an hour."

"But dost thou conceal the body of John

"The times are strange, Master Dowdes-well, and we do strange things in strange times."

"Aye, mistress; even to the harboring of traitors. Who, I desire thee to tell me, who hath broken bread in this place? But nay. Answer me not. Cover not thy malignancy with falsehood. Thou hast a traitor here, and I will drag him forth."

Then, striding to the door, he shouted to his prederlines who had instrument the his underlings, who had just reached the front entrance of the house. Bidding them search the mansion and the outhouses, he seated himself at the table, laying a pair of pistols upon it. Anne still stood, with her hands clasped, in front of the great clock, whose hands pointed to half-past 4. It seemed to her that she dared not move from this position. She fancied that Quivil's breathing was audible, and she feared lest Dowdeswell should approach his hidingplace too near. "Wilt thou not be seated, mistress?"

asked Dowdeswell presently, in a gentler "I do not sit with the King's enemies," she replied haughtily.

"Ah, mistress, reproach me not," he pro-tested. "Time was when Henry Dowdeswell could win a smile from fair Mistress Anne "That, sir, was when Master Henry Dowdeswell's heart beat true." "It hath beat ever true, Mistress Anne, and never truer than now. Didst suppose

that Henry Dowdeswell's heart could beat for any maid but Mistress Anne Fane?" "Master Dowdeswell!"

"Listen, Mistress Anne. Dost forgot all the days of youth—all the games that we twain played together—all our intercourse, sweet and bitter by turns—all the jealousies and rivalries between thy humble servant and Jack Quivil! I never liked the lad. But I forbore to cuff one upon whom my mistress smiled. Thou did'st not often smile upon me Mistress Anne. Yet, there smile upon me, Mistress Anne. Yet there were times when thou call'dst me Henry, and when thy hand would clasp mine as we crossed the rotten bridge returning from church, and when thy thanks came prettily if I brought thee a honeycomb or

"Ave. I bear in mind the goodness of yore. But Master Henry Dowdeswell was then a loyal subject of the King."

"Charles Stuart, lady, was then a loyal king unto his subjects."

"Tut, tut, sir! His most sacred Majesty can do no wrong."

"Mistress, we will not argue that. Speak not we of the King. Speak we only of ourselves. Mistress Anne, once thou wert lit-

"Truly, Master Dowdeswell, thou hast a fine memory. "Aye, I have never forgotten one moment of time passed in thy fair presence." "Hush, Master Dowdeswell! I cannot

"Because I serve not the King, madam?" "Aye. And because-"Not because thou lov'st another? Say

not that!"

"I must say it, Master Dowdeswell."
He looked at her gravely.
"Mistress, is it all forgot?" he said chidingly. "I twined many a rosy garland for thee in the days of my carelessness and my profligacy, and thou frown'dst not always then. Wilt not smile now, when—in my new habit of grace—I, an elect soul, ask for thy favor and offer thee peace?"

"Thou wert ever kind," she said, trembling. "But I cannot love twain."

"And then lovest—whom?"

"And thou lovest-whom?" "Pardon me, Master Dowdeswell. But what is that to thee?" Then there was silence for a space, and presently the tramping of men's feet sounded in the vestibule. Dowdeswell rose

and went to the door.

"We have searched, Captain, but we have discovered none," said a harsh voice. "Only in the stable a worn-out nag reposeth, and there be blood upon his flanks and a slight wound, and methinks he hath been in the

battle, and in the holster was this kerchie?, embroidered with the letters J. Q." "Good," returned Dowdeswell. "Await Then he shut the door and came back to

his former position, fronting Anne, and with the clock that still pointed to half-past four behind her. "Mistress Anne Fane," he began senten-tiously, "I like thee well, and I would fain make thee my wife and gradually draw thee to higher delights and school thy mind to right thinking. To my serrow, thou mislikest me, and I withdraw. But ere I quit thee, I conjure thee tell me-as thou fearest God and as thou lovest virtue and desirest the rewards of heaven—dost thou conceal here in some secret chamber or in some hidden vault the person of the rebel

whom I seek?" "No," said Anne. "As thou dreadest the fires of hell, mis-tress, I conjure thee to speak the truth." "I do speak the truth, sir." "Without quibbling, mistress, I bid thee inform me if one lie hid here in some secret

chamber whom I account a rebel." "There is no secret chamber here, Master Dowdeswell." "Mistress Anne, is John Quivil here?" "Master Dowdeswell, thou hast sought throughout the house and thou hast not found him, and I tell thee there is no secret

chamber here." "Then to whom appertaineth the wearied nag in the stable?" "How can I say? Our stable door hath no key, and he who will may place his beast

"Mistress, fear the Lord and speak the truth! To whom appertaineth the kerchief embroidered with the letters J. Q?" "Master Dowdeswell, thou hurriest to conclusions. May no man own the initials J. Q. save one?"

Parley not with me, madam. I love thee, Mistress Anne, but my conscience con-demns me even while I bandy words with thee. Tell me—lest I drag thee to the seat of justice—where hidest thou the person of John Quivil?" She was almost at her wits' end. But she held firm.

"How knowest thou that Master Quivil was at the ill-fated field of Naseby?" she "How know I? Because I saw him, madam-saw him in the rear company of

the man Charles Stuart, whom thou callest king. I saw him, and I know that he fled in this direction. Madam, the evidence of his presence here is circumstantial. Here is his wearied steed and his kerchief. Yield him up." "My own love, thou must escape," she sobbed. "Through the window? No, no! He will have placed a watch. In the gallery? Alas, not a mouse could shelter "Were it in my power, Master Dowde-swell, never would I yield him up! The King's leal servants are my true friends, and I deliver no faithful friend to a cruel

"Because thou lovest him, mistress?" "Not so. Because I love the King." on the clock's face.

"The clock! the clock!" she cried in a stiffed voice.

Throwing open the case and holding aside the pendulum, she motioned to Quivil to so. Because I love the King."

Dowdeswell gave a short laugh.

"Tis a woman's wile," he said. "The traitor is here, madam; thou hast as good as admitted his presence. I must away with thee to the seat of judgment. We will

see if a more powerful hand than mine can force confession from thee."

But he did not order her to prepare her-self to depart. He stood looking at her with blazing eyes.
"Vain and trifling woman!" he burst forth
at length. "Thinkest thou to dissemble
with me? Thinkest thou to deceive the Lord's elect? Know that I see thy wicked endeavor, that I perceive thy bold purpose, and that I despise thy shallow deceit. The man John Quivil is here. Madam, he is here, and I forbid thee to conceal him longer. Acquaint me, I command thee, where he is!"

He paused for a moment. Then he proceeded more gently.

"Woman, if thou hast a conscience, confess thy sin," he said. "Thou lovest; 'tis pity, for thou lovest an ill man. But let not thy love destroy thy conscience. "Tis truth that I bid thee speak. Do thou thy duty and tell me this thing."

"Master Dowdeswell, thou saidst but now that thou lovedst me," said Anne.

"If thou hast ever loved me, ask no more but depart in peace."

"I said I loved thee!" he cried, impetuously. "Yea, and I do love thee! Even as Jacob loved Rachael love I thee! Even as the heart desireth the water-brooks—even so do I desire thee! My sole desire in life is to content thee, and, if needful, I would shed my blood for thee. Dear Nan, wilt not return my love, and come into my arms, confessing thy great fault of to-day and telling me where John Quivil lies hid?"

"No. Master Dowdeswell," said Anne, with dignity. "Take me away and immure me in the vilest of dungeons. But for my love's sake and for my conscience sake, I will reveal naught."

"But wilt not love me, Nan?"

"No." but depart in peace."

He was deeply mortified. The perspira-tion stood upon his brow, and his heart was hot within him. He looked at her again. Then, with an unpremeditated gesture, he raised his eyes to the clock-face above her head. Something in its aspect struck him

strangely.
"Half-past four!" he exclaimed. "Half-past four! Is it always half-past four here, mistress?"

"The clock hath stopped," faltered she.

"Strange that it should stop even as I entered the chamber," said he. "Let me set it going for thee, madam."

"Nay." she said quickly. "Why set it going for naught, since thou art going to take me to jail? Let the clock be."

"That would, indeed, be an unkind measure," said he. "Even if thou be taken hence, should not the members of thy house-hold know the time?"

hold know the time?" "I have no servants," said she. "None, madam? Beware. Dost dwell alone-absolutely solitary?" "My brother Tobe is here," she admitted. "But he never looks at the clock. And our

old servant is half blind and cannot read the time." "Nevertheless I will see the clock," said Dowdeswell. And putting her aside, he flung the clock-

"By St. George!" he exclaimed, "'tis even as I suspected." Quivil stepped forth, his plumed hat in one hand and a pistol in the other. He bowed low and courteously.
"Good day, Master Dowdeswell," he said. "We are ill met." "I arrest thee," said Dowdeswell. "Ser-geant Fairchild..."

He was about to raise his voice to call upon his subordinates to enter and to seize Quivil. But, quick as thought, Anne circumvented him. Snatching one of his pistols from the table, she darted up the flight of steps into the gallery; and leaning over the railing, she cried to Dowdeswell

to stay his movements.

"Hold!" she cried imperatively. "See here, Master Dowdeswell! I have thy pistol. It is loaded. I hold it to my heart. Raise thy voice but by a syllable—touch Master Quivil by but one finger—and I fire!—I fire, hark ye, and I am dead! And thou lovest me, Master Dowdeswell, thou lovest me! Nay—stand where thou art. Stir but one inch, and I die. See! the pistol is at my bosom! Listen! Make up thy mind to depart in peace and leave Jack Quivil unharmed, while I count ten. For if, when I come to ten, thou be still here, I fire—and I die—thy little Nan whom then leavest die-thy little Nan, whom thou lovest,

She began to count, leaning over the balustrade, with the pistol pressed against her breast and her finger on the trigger, and with her eyes fixed upon the two men. They dared not stir. The determination in her eyes held them spell-bound.

"One," she began.
"Stop, Nan, stop!" entreated Quivil. "Let me go with him! I care naught. Stop, dear love, stop counting, and take that pistol from thy bresst! Come down, I adjure thee!" "Two," she proceeded slowly. "Three—"
"Mistress Anne, I cannot do the thing I

would. But O for the love of God, take that deadly instrument from thy breast!" implored Dowdeswell. "Four," she went on. "Five-six-"
"Nan, thou art killing me! I care not a
jot for imprisonment or death."

"Seven___" "Nan, my little Nan, think that man who loves owes duty too. Have mercy on me. and come down!"

"Eight-" "Nan, sweet soul, forbear!"
"Nan, in God's name, cease!"

"For love's sake!" cried Quivil, pointing his pistol at his own breast. "For conscience!" exclaimed Dowdeswell, seizing the pistol which still lay upon the table and thrusting it against his head.

Simultaneously the two men fired. It was a mechanical cry. Anne dropped the pistol from her hand and rushed down the steps, and, as she reached the bottom, Dowdeswell troopers hurried into the room. But the Cavalier and the Roundhead, who had loved Mistress Annie so well, lay dead, and above them stood the silent clock point-

ing to half-past four. -Fayr Madoc, in the Argosy.

HISTORY OF THE FORK. How It Was Originally Used-The Noble Byzantine's Wife.

It seems clear enough, in the light of neg-ative evidence, that the few forks included in the silverware of the Middle Ages were not used as forks are used to-day. Since kitchen forks served as spits and for holding roasts, it is probable that the high-born lords and ladies of those times, who only appear to have possessed these instruments, used their silver forks for toasting their bread at the breakfast-room fire. There is some direct evidence that they were em-ployed to hold substances particularly disagreeable or inconvenient to handle, as toasted cheese, which would leave an unpleasant smell, or sticky sugared dainties; or soft fruits, the juice of which would

stain the fingers.
Only one incident is related of the use of the fork in the nineteenth century fashion.
This was by a noble lady of Byzantium who had married a doge of Venice, and continued in that city to eat after her own custom, cutting her west very finely up and conveying it to her mouth with a two-pronged fork. The act was regarded in Venice, according to Petrius Damianus, as Venice, according to Petrius Damianus, as a sign of excessive luxury and extreme effeminacy. It suggests a probability that the fashion of eating with forks originated at the imperial court of Byzantium, and thence extended to the west. Some hundreds of years had still to pass before it could be domiciliated in Europe, for this doge's Byzantine wife lived in the eleventh century, while the fashion of eating with forks did not become general till the seventeenth century.

How Men Pray.

seventeenth century.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indi-I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautiful tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble amen." But after a man has had trouble prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help.

The Unequal Distribution of Salt.

The statistic fiend announces that the average consumption of salt per adult capita is fifty pounds per annum. This must be very unequally divided, for while some people seem to be salted down, pickled and laid aside, others are so everastingly fresh that salt cannot save them. But the real salt of the earth are so few and far between that somebody else evidently gets their per capita share.

ALL the rage-Red Cross Cough Drops.

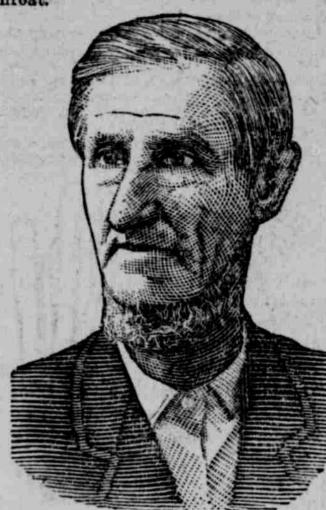
AN OLD RULE

"Tells Just What He Knows and No More."

An Old Pioneer of Johnson County, Whose Word Is Good as a Bond, Gives Willing Testimony to Living Truths.

Twenty-five miles south of Indianapolis on the old Jeffersonville, Madison and Indianapolis railroad, is situated the quiet little village of Amity. There is nothing of consequence to distinguish Amity from hundreds of other Indiana villages, except that it is the home of one of Johnson county's first pioneers, a man who is known from one line to the other of Johnson county, and whose word is as good as his bond. While in conversation with the writer the other day he made the following statements: "My name is Derrick B. Cox, and I have lived a great many years in Johnson county, and it has always been my rule to tell just

and no more, and I can't break the rule now, but I am glad to tell what I know to be absolutely the truth. Up to about a year ago I had been about as healthy a man as you ever see, but last fall I noticed, when the weather began to change that there was something the matter with my head and threat.



D. B. COX. "I took cold easily, and it did not seem to wear off as it generally did. My head began to stop up, and my ears would roar and sing. Most of the time something kept dropping into my throat from my head, and I was continually hawking and spitting. I had a dull, heavy headache, and always felt stupid and drowsy. I got up in the morning

stupid and drowsy. I got up in the morning
TIRED AND SLEEPY,
something unusual for me. My throat
would get sore and dry, sometimes a tickling
sensation would cause me to cough. My
appetite left me, and I had a bad taste in
my mouth. I was restless and uneasy all
the time, and kept getting worse all the
time. Everyone told me I had the catarrh,
and that I had better not wait too long
before doing something. I had read the
statements of several persons that I was statements of several persons that I was acquainted with who had been cured by the Blair Treatment, so I went to Indianapolis to be examined and treated. I went under treatment with the understanding that I was to see the doctor

ONCE A MONTH and treat myself at home, and I have ir proved from the first week's treatment. 1 have been discharged, and I firmly believe
I am a well man. All the bad symptoms
have left me, and I feel as well as I ever
did. I will be glad to see anyone who is
interested in my statement."

Mr. D. B. Cox lives at Amity, Johnson
county, and will gladly verify his state-

Office at 203 North Illinois street. Hours -9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation, \$1. No letters answered unless accompanied by 4 cents in stamps. Address all mail to Blair Treatment, 203 North Illinois street, Indianapolis.

HENRI ROCHEFORT'S PERSONALITY. The Impulsive French Journalist of Whom the Government Is Afraid. Pall Mall Gasette.

"The government is not afraid of General Boulanger, but Henri Rochefort is a great trouble," said the French embassador, the other day, to Count Herbert Bismarck, and everybody who knows what sort of a position Rochefort held in Paris will understand what the embassador meant. It is no exaggeration to say that the editor of no exaggeration to say that the editor of L'Intransigeant gives away from £2,000 to £3,000 of his income every year in charity.

He has long acted as relieving officer to all kinds of needy people, writes the Berlin correspondent of the Glasgow Herald, and both his newspaper office and his private apartments in Paris were places of public resort, whither flocked all those who had a grievance. Prodigal of his talent as of his money, Rochefort would at any time dash off a paragraph or an article to denounce a peccant official, and in a rough-and-ready way he did much good. Often unnecessarily violent, and sometimes unjust, he took up, as a rule, cases in which some palpable wrong had been done to poor folk. He made the petty oppressor tremble, and his press tribunal was one which frequently caused justice to be done expeditiously and fully for people who could have obtained no remedy in courts of law. The Paris correspondent of the Cologne Gazette has been talking with a number of workmen, who all said to him: "Il nous faut Rochefort"—the truth being that Rochefort's exile has left a gap which cannot be filled. left a gap which cannot be filled.

It was a great mistake to include Roche-fort in the indictment directed against Boulanger, though no doubt Boulangism owes most of its success to Rochefort. When the popular, open-handed journalist pronounced for Boulanger he drew after him an extraordinary number of the working classes; but this fact ought to have made the government wary of straining the press law against him. Everybody knows that Rochefort was prosecuted because M. Constans, the Home Minister, whom he had repeatedly accused of peculation, wanted to be avenged of him; and the Senators who condemned Rochefort were also actuated by the wish to get rid of a pestilent fellow who had laid his lash upon them all more or less. Boulanger, though no doubt Boulangism

Nevertheless, Rochefort's condemnation was not justifiable according to the existing press laws, and it will place any Republican government that may come to office after the next elections in a troublesome position, for it will scarcely be possible to revise Rochefort's sentence without revising Boulanger's. On the other hand, the advisability of readmitting Rochefort to Paris will be so plain that the government will not dare gainsay it. So, probably, the end of the matter will be an amnesty extended to Boulanger as well as to Rochefort. them all more or less.

Jones's Choice Language. Philadelphia Press.

Here is an extract from a sermon delivered by Rev. Sam Jones the other day to a Virginia audience that is really worth quoting: "John the Baptist was the bravest type of Christian I know of. He jumped on Herod and pawed his feathers out." It is worth quoting because it gives us a tolerably clear insight into Brother Jones's esti-mate of the intellectual status and the spiritual needs of his hearers.

Election Returns Without Figures.

Waterbury American. During the election in the new State of Washington an up-country newspaper telegraphed the Democratic Walla Walla Statesman for two hundred words on the result. The editor being out looking up the returns with the boys, the local "devil" took advantage of the opportunity to reply: "There ain't no two hundred words. Everything gone to hell."

Hasn't He Enough Now?

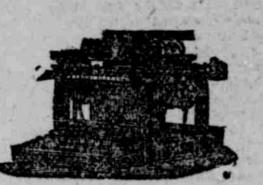
Vanderbilt westward takes his way the same as the star of empire. He has just got a cinch on the Chicago & Alton railroad. If Mr. Vanderbilt sees any other roads out here which strike his fancy he will please name them and they will be marked "Taken." BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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"Richmond & Columbus 9:00 am, 4:00 pm

Ar. from N. Y. & Pittsbg. 11:40 am, 6:50 pm, 10:30 pm

"Columbus, Richmond, etc., 9:40 am, 3:50 pm

Sleepers to Pittsburg and New York without change.

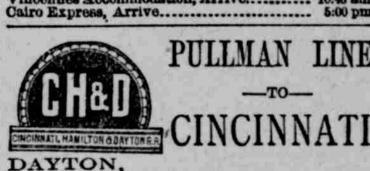
CHICAGO DIVISION.

Leave for Chicago and Northwest 11:35 am, 11:20 pm

Arrive from Chicago and Northwest 3:25 am, 3:15 pm

J., M. & L. R. B .- SOUTH. Leaves for Louis-ville & the South 4:00 am, 8:45 am, 3:25 pm, 6:25 pm Ar. from Louisv'le & the South 10:00 am, 11:25 am, 5:45 pm, 10:55 pm

I. & V. R. B .- SOUTHWEST. Cairo Express, Arrive...... 5:00 pm



TOLEDO, DETROIT. Trains leave Indianapolis:

3:55 a. m. [d'ly], 10:35 a. m., 2:50 p. m. [d'ly], 6:35 p. m.

Trains arrive at Indianapolis:

8:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m. [d'ly], 4:45 p. m., 10:55 p. m. [d'ly]

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-TO-



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